

HE BLUEFIED AND WON

From the Chicago Tribune.

"I pritheed do not go."

Reginald Mulecahey turned as these words, spoken in tones that were tenderly thrilling, fell upon his good right ear. He gazed at the woman who stood beside him, and then he looked at the plank sidewalk that led from the portcullis to the front steps of the terraced castle of Ethelbert McMurtury, Eighth Duke of Blue Island Avenue.

"I thought you would speak to me, Lady," he said, "so a tall, shapely maiden of nineteen summers, who stood on the veranda of the castle."

"I thought you could not send me away forever without one word of hope—one hope, a voiceless vote—in Iowa now. I know full well that in the dreary, dismal New York Post editorial future which rises up before me like a black-winged spectre of the night there can be naught in my life but desolate hope."

feet, and black bitter nights when I shall toss around restlessly in a poker game, thinking only of the love that has gone from me forever. We may never meet again Constance—probably never shall unless I begin going to the matinees—but I should like to feel that, although I might never see her again, I never let me buy candy for you. I am still in your heart a kindly feeling, a tinge of pity, for one to whom your sweet face has for many, many years—way back before the White Stockings won the championship—been a beacon light to guide him safely o'er the wind-swept sea of North Side life. Am I hoping to see me and you again? No, I brown eyes that had watched so many hearts from behind the ribbon curtain looked into those of Constance McMur-

feet, and black, bitter nights when I shall toss around restlessly in a poker game, thinking only of the love that has gone from me forever. We may never meet again Constance—probably never shall we meet again. I shall never see her again—but I should like to feel that, although you can never love me again, never let me buy candy for you, there is still in your heart a kindly feeling, a tinge of pity, for one to whom your sweet face has been so dear. I shall go way back before the White Stockings won the championship—been a beacon light to guide him safely o'er the wind-swept sea of North Side life. Am I hoping for too much?" and the beautiful brown eyes that had been so full of tears from behind the ribbon counter looked into those of Constance McMurtry with a wistful, pleading, don't-untie-the-dog-if-you-love-me look that would have melted a heart of Chicago beefsteak.

For an instant the girl did not reply. A look of pain, as if some sad memory had been recalled by Reginald's words, or a corset steel got loose, passed over her face, and then, regaining her composure by a mighty effort, she placed a tiny gloved hand on the young man's shoulder and spoke in low, measured tones that showed, far more than could any words, the terrible intensity of the agony that this separation was causing her.

"For two years, Reginald," she said, "I have loved you with a deep, passion

feet, and black, bitter nights when I shall toss around restlessly in a poker game, thinking only of the love that has gone from me forever. We may never meet again Constance—probably never shall I find if I live. I have a kind of peace—but I should like to feel that, although we may never love me again, never let me buy candy for you, there is still in your heart a kindly feeling, a tinge of pity, for one to whom you owe so much love, but who has been so long way back before the White Stockings won the championship—been a beacon light to guide him safely o'er the wind-swept sea of North Side life. Am I hoping for too much?" and the beautiful girl, who had been so long away from her heart's from behind the ribbon counter looked into those of Constance McMurtry with a wistful, pleading, don't-untie-the-dog-if-you-love-me look that would have melted a heart of Chicago beefsteak.

For an instant the girl did not reply. A look of pain, as if some sad memory had been recalled by Reginald's words, or a corset steel got loose, passed over her face, and then, regaining her composure, she met his eyes with a steady, tiny gloved hand on the young man's shoulder and spoke in low, measure tones that showed, far more than could any words, the terrible intensity of the agony that this separation was causing her.

"For two years, Reginald," she said, "I have loved you with a deep, passionate, all-absorbing love that would make your head swim if you only knew about it. I have looked forward with pride and joy to my English wedding, my enthusiasm to the day when you should lead me to the nuptial altar and crowd the sweet spring-time of my life with the golden glory of a love that should last forever. I had whispered to myself that I should be a wife and a mother, that I should always have breakfast-in-time wife. There has come to me often a vision of a happy home, where I should pass my days in happiness and stocking mending. But the vision has gone, the beautiful home, the shining sun, the angelic, tinted clouds had passed away, and in its place I see an angry firmament, across which drift the leaden clouds of despair. And so it is better that we should part now, before supper, and let the dead pass, than to go on and make a mockery of life."

Reginald saw that all hope was gone, that he was certain to be left on third base. "Good-by Constance," he murmured. "I must go now, because

feet, and black, bitter nights when I
shall toss around restlessly in a poker
game, thinking only of the love that has
gone from me forever. We may never
meet again—Constance—probably never
but unless I begin writing to the matrons
—but I shall like to feel that, at least,
though you can never love me again,
never let me buy candy for you, there is
still in your heart a kindly feeling, a
tinge of pity, for one to whom your
sweet face has for many, many years—
way back before the White Stockings
won the championship—been a beacon
light to guide him safely o'er the wind-
swept sea of North Side life. Am I hop-
ing for too much?" and the beautiful
brown eyes that had watched so many
hearts from behind the ribbon counter
looked back at the young man's plead-
ing with a wistful pleading, don't un-
tie-the-dog-if-you-love-me look that
would have melted a heart of Chicago
beefsteak.

For an instant the girl did not reply.
A look of pain, as if some sad memory
had been before her, the kindly words,
or a corset steel got loose, passed over
her face, and then, regaining her com-
posure by a mighty effort, she placed a
tiny gloved hand on the young man's
shoulder and spoke in low, measured
tones that showed, far more than could
any other, the real intensity of the
agony that this separation was causing
her!

"For two years, Reginald," she said,
"I have loved you with a deep, passion-
ate, all-absorbing love that would make
your head swim if you only knew about
it. I have loved you with the tenderness
and joy in my girlish innocence and en-
thusiasm to the day when you should
lead me to the nuptial altar and crown
the sweet spring-time of my life with
the golden glory of a love that should
last forever. I had whispered to myself
that should make me a faithful, lov-
ing, always-have-breakfast-in-time wife.
There has come to me often a vision of a
happy home, where I should pass my
days in happiness and stocking mend-
ing. But the vision has gone, the beau-
tiful blue sky with its fringe of rose-
clouds has faded, and in its place I see
its place I see an angry ferment, across
which drift the leaden clouds of despair.
And so it is better that we should part
now, before supper, and let the dear
past be its own undertaker."

Reginald saw that all hope was gone,
that this was certain to be left on this
base. "Good-by Constance," he mur-
mured. "I must go now, because I
want to stop on my way over town and
buy my sister a sealskin saguee."

The girl turned quickly and looked at
him earnestly. "Do you mean what
you say?" she asked in hoarse, anxious
tones.

"I do," was the reply.

"And would you buy your wife a seal-
skin saguee?"

"Certainly," said Reginald; "two of
them, if she liked."

A hand was spread over the girl's
face. Twining her arms around Regi-
nald's neck, she placed her tiny head on
his shoulder, and then the little rosbud
mouth puckered up with a sweet, beetle-
pucker, as she said in tender tones:
"You may call again this evening.
Heaven intended us for each other."

Files.

FILES are frequently preceded by

feet, and black, bitter nights when I shall toss around restlessly in a poker game, thinking only of the love that has gone from me forever. We may never meet again Constance—probably never shall we meet again. But many years hence—but I should like to feel that, although you can never love me again, never let me buy candy for you, there is still in your heart a kindly feeling, a tinge of pity, for one to whom your sweet eyes have looked so many years—way back before the White Stockings won the championship—been a beacon light to guide him safely o'er the wind-swept sea of North Side life. Am I hoping for too much?" and the beautiful boy, with eyes that had been looking into those of Constance McMurtry with a wistful, pleading, don't-untie-the-dog-if-you-love-me look that would have melted a heart of Chicago beefsteak.

"For an instant the girl did not reply. A look of pain, as if some sad memory had been recalled by Reginald's words, or a corset steel got loose, passed over her face, and then, regaining her composure, she met his eyes with a firm, steady, gloved hand on the young man's shoulder and spoke in low, measured tones that showed, far more than could any words, the terrible intensity of the agony that this separation was causing her."

"For two years, Reginald," she said, "I have loved you with a deep, passionate, all-absorbing love that would make your head swim if you only knew about it. I have looked forward with pride and joy to my girlhood, and my enthusiasm to the day when you should lead me to the nuptial altar and crown the sweet spring-time of my life with the golden glory of a love that should last forever. I had whispered to myself that I should make you a faithful loving, always-have-breakfast-in-time wife. There has come to me often a vision of a happy home, where I should pass my days in happiness and stocking mending. But the vision has gone, the beautiful, the sweet, the angelic, the rosy, the tinted clouds had passed away, and in its place I see an angry firmament, across which drift the leaden clouds of despair. And so it is better that we should part now before supper, and let the dead pass to its own undertaker."

Reginald saw that the age was gone, but he was certain to be left on third base. "Good-by Constance," he murmured. "I must go now, because I want to stop on my way over town and buy my sister a sealskin cape."

"The girl turned slightly and looked at him earnestly. "Do you mean what you say?" she asked in hoarse, anxious tones.

"I do," was the reply.

"And would you buy your wife a sealskin?"

"Certainly," said Reginald; "two of them, if she liked."

A happy smile spread over the girl's face. Twining her arms around Reginald's neck, she placed her tiny head on his shoulder, and with a sweet, beautiful pucker, as she said in tender tones: "You may call again this evening. Heaven intended us for each other."

Piles.

FILES are frequently preceded by a severe attack of the back, joints, or lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a disagreeable itching, particularly at night after getting warm in bed, is a very common attendant. Internal, External and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Ointment Remedy, which is directed upon the seat of the ailment, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure where all other remedies have failed. Do not delay until the Drain on the system produces permanent disarrangement, if it can be cured. Price, 50 cents. Ask your druggist for it, and when you can not obtain it of him, we will send it, prepaid, on receipt of price. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Plaqu, Ohio. Sold by Durbin, Wright & Co., juney

Said George Elliot: "Childhood

feet, and black, bitter nights when I
 shall toss around restlessly in a poker
 game, thinking only of the love that has
 gone from me forever. We may never
 meet again. Constance—probably never
 shall I see her but I shall never forget
 her—because I should like to feel that,
 although you can never love me again,
 never let me buy candy for you, there is
 still in your heart a kindly feeling, a
 tinge of pity, for one to whom your
 sweet face has been so many, many years
 way back before the White Stockings
 won the championship—been a beacon
 light to guide him safely o'er the wind-
 swept sea of North Side life. Am I hop-
 ing for too much?" and the beautiful
 brown hair of many, many years ago
 looked into those of Constance McMurry
 with a wistful, pleading, don't-un-
 der-the-dog-if-you-love-me look that
 would have melted a heart of Chicago
 beefsteak.

For an instant the girl did not reply.
 A look of pain, as if some sad memory
 had been recalled by Reginald's words
 or a corset steel got loose, passed over
 her face, and then, regaining her com-
 poise with a mighty effort, she placed a
 tiny gloved hand on the young man's
 shoulder and spoke in low, measured
 tones that showed, far more than could
 any words, the terrible intensity of the
 agony that this separation was causing
 her.

"For two years, Reginald," she said,
 "I have loved you with a deep, passion-
 ate, all-absorbing love that would make
 your head swim if you only knew about it.
 I have looked forward with pride
 and joy in my girlish innocence and en-
 thusiasm to the day when you would
 lead me to the nuptial altar and crown
 the sweet spring-time of my life with the
 golden glory of a love that should
 last forever. I had whispered to myself
 that I should make you a faithful, lov-
 ing, loyal—loyal, in the truest sense of
 the word—wife. There had come to me often a vision of a
 happy home, where I should pass my
 days in happiness and stocking mend-
 ing. But the vision has gone, the beau-
 tiful blue sky with its fringe of rose-
 petal clouds has passed into the night,
 and in its place I see an angry, frowning, at-
 across which drift the leaden clouds of despair.
 And so it is better that we should part
 now, before supper, and let the dead
 past be its own undertaker."

Reginald saw that all hope was gone,
 that there was certain to be left on third
 base. "Good-by Constance," he mur-
 mured. "I must go now, because I
 want to stop on my way over town and
 buy my sister a sealskin sack."

The girl turned quickly and looked at
 him earnestly. "What do you mean by
 you say?" she asked in hoarse, anxious
 tones.

"I do," was the reply.

"And would you buy your wife a seal-
 skin sack?"

"Yes," said Reginald; "two of
 them, if she liked."

"A happy smile spread over the girl's
 face. Twining her arms around Reginald's
 neck, she placed her tiny head on his
 shoulder, and then the little rosybud
 turned, and, looking up at him with her
 lips puckered, she said in tender tones:
 "You may call again this evening.
 Heaven intended us for each other."

Piles.

PILES are frequently preceded by a
 sense of weight in the back, loins and
 lower part of the abdomen, causing the
 patient to suppose he has some affection
 of the kidneys or neighboring organs.
 At times, symptoms of indigestion are
 present, as flatulency, uneasiness in the
 stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspira-
 tion, producing a very disagreeable
 odor, particularly at night, and get-
 ting warm in bed, is a very common at-
 tendant. Internal, External and Itch-
 ing Piles yield at once to the applica-
 tion of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy,
 which acts directly upon the parts
 affected, relieving the Tumors, allaying
 the intense itching and effecting a per-
 manent cure where all other remedies
 have failed. Do not delay until the
 drain on the system produces permanent
 disability, but try it and be cured.
 Price, 50 cents. Ask your druggist for
 it, and when you do not obtain it of
 him, we will send it, prepaid, on receipt
 of price. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medi-
 cine Co., Piqua, Ohio. Sold by Durbin,
 Wright & Co., June 1901

Said George Elliot: "Childhood has
 no forebodings, but then it is soothed by
 the memories of outlived sorrow. You
 see, George never had any children, and
 didn't know. Where's the boy of 10
 who hasn't the memory of outlived the
 sorrow caused by the old man's trunk
 strap, when he put a sponge in the
 old man's back that squirted water clear
 up the old man's leg? And hasn't the
 boy forebodings when he thinks the old
 man suspects him of putting tar on his
 hair brush?"

*Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
 Compound and Blood Purifier are pre-
 pared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue,
 Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six
 bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form
 of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of
 price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pink-
 ham freely answers all letters of in-
 quiry. Send 3c for a card for pamphlet.
 Mention this paper.

"When I came to town," said a rich
 broker, "I hadn't a penny of my own."
 "And have you now, sir?" asked a quiet
 faced man in the far corner of the room.
 The broker didn't answer the question.
 The quiet man asked the question again.

feet, and black, bitter nights when I shall toss around restlessly in a poker game, thinking only of the love that has gone from me forever. We may never meet again Constance—probably never shall meet—begin going to the matinees—but I should like to face that, at least, though you can never love me again, never let me buy candy for you, there is still in your heart a kindly feeling, a tinge of pity, for one to whom your sweet face has for many, many years—was but a child, behind the White Stockings won the championship—been a beacon light to guide him safely o'er the wind-swept sea of North Side life. Am I hoping for too much?" and the beautiful brown eyes that had watched so many hearts break behind the White Stockings looked into those of the handsome Mr. Murray with a wistful, pleading, don't-unite-the-dog-if-you-love-me look that would have melted a heart of Chicago beefsteak.

For an instant the girl did not reply. A look of pain as if some sad memory had been recalled by Reginald's words—or a corset steel got loose, passed over her face, and then, regaining her composure by a mighty effort, she placed a tiny gloved hand on the young man's shoulder and spoke in low, measured tones that showed, far more than could any words, the terrible intensity of the agony that this separation was causing her.

"For two years, Reginald," she said, "I have loved you with a deep, passionate, a burning love that would make your head swing if you only knew about it. I have looked forward with pride and joy in my girlish innocence and enthusiasm to the day when you should lead me to the nuptial altar and crown the sweet spring-time of my life with the golden glow of matrimony. But now, alas! forever, I had whispered to myself that I should make you a faithful, loving, always-have-breakfast-in-time wife. There has come to me often a vision of a happy home, where I should pass my days in happiness and stoking mending, and the vision has gone, and the beautiful blue sky with its fringe of rose-tinted clouds had passed away, and in its place I see an angry firmament, across which drift the leaden clouds of despair. And so it is better that we should part now, before supper, and let the dead pass by its own way of returning."

Reginald saw that all hope was gone, that he was certain to be left on third base. "Good-by, Constance," he murmured. "I must go now, because I want to stop on my way over town and buy some new shoes."

The girl turned quickly and looked at him earnestly. "Do you mean what you say?" she asked in hoarse, anxious tones.

"I do," was the reply.

And would you buy your wife a seal-skin coat?"

"Certainly," said Reginald; "two of them, if she liked."

A happy smile spread over the girl's face. Twining her arms around Reginald's neck, she placed her tiny head on his shoulder, and then the little rosybud mouth puckered up with a sweet, pathetic pucker, as she said in tender tones: "You may call again this evening, Heaven intended us for each other."

Piles.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, particularly at night after getting into warm bed, has very often a attendant. Internal, External and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. When the hemorrhoids have failed. Do not delay until the drain on the system produces permanent disability, but try it and be cured. Price, 50 cents. Ask your druggist for it, or when you can not obtain it of him, we will send it prepaid, on receipt of price money. Write to Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Cuyahoga, Ohio. Sold by Durbin, Wright & Co., June 1st.

Said George Elliot: "Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow." You see, George never had any children, and he grew old. What was the use of 10 who hasn't the memory of outlived the sorrow caused by the old man's trunk strap, when he put a wet sponge in the old man's boot that squirted water clear up the old man's leg? And hasn't the old man suspects him of putting tar on his hair brush?

*Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of a box. Write for particulars and a receipt. Price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

"When I came to town," said a rival broker, "I hadn't a penny of my own."

"And have you now, sir, as a defeated man in the far corner of the room? The broker didn't answer the question. Perhaps he didn't hear it. Possibly it was a pain in the stomach that drew his face down so suddenly.

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Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if H. Bitters are used, and if you already have them, they will cure you. Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and get some puffed up stuff that will harm you. *

Under the laws of the pilgrim father a man could not kiss his wife on Sunday, and after a somewhat critical examination of people in the Bitter of those days is not in the main lenient. The pilgrim fathers should have been fine for kissing such homely wives, any day of the week.

If you have the least "ness in your stomach Peruna will cure it."

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale everywhere.

If you have the least " "ness in
your stomach Peruna will mediate

Physicians and Family
Prescriptions compounded
with care and dispatch.

had intended to move anyhow, but the fire which
completely destroyed all my stock and material, with
household effects makes removal necessary. I have
been in the rooms already engaged by me in the

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and do all work in my line of business.

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Makes a hole
of any desired size
or depth and works in all
kinds of soil—Clay, Stony
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or Hard-pan.

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Apply to or address,
Williams & Miller

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains,

only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and get some puffed up stuff that will harm you. *

Under the laws of the pilgrim fathers
a man could not kiss his wife on Sunday, and after a somewhat critical examination of portraits of wives of those days, is not in the main lenient. The pilgrim fathers should have been fine for kissing such homely wives, any day of the week.